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## In Pursuit Of The Limited

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM



IT was terribly hot in the Pullman sleeper that August day. We speak of it as *that* August day for that particular day was destined to be remembered by Grandmother Jewett and her granddaughter Ruth above all others of their long trip across the country from California to Maine. The thought uppermost in the mind of the old lady since the long train pulled out of San Francisco had been the keeping of a watchful eye over her granddaughter, and exactly the same thought—the keeping of a watchful eye over her grandmother—had almost constantly been in Ruth's mind from the start.

For hours the train had been pushing on and on through the desert, and the while had the sun been beating down unmercifully upon the tinny tops of the coaches until the air had become almost suffocating within them. The time came that Ruth dozed off. While she slumbered the long train slowed down and finally came to a stop in front of a lonely station. A few passengers improved the opportunity to alight and stretch their legs. They were mostly men, but there were three or four ladies among the number. Grandmother Jewett, who was a very spry old lady of seventy-odd years, was one of those who stepped from the train. "Maybe I'll find some real old-fashioned peppermints in the depot," she murmured to herself as she hastened her steps along the platform. "They'll sort of cool our tongues, anyway," she added.

Not finding the old-fashioned peppermints, the old lady tarried over the little candy showcase longer than she realized. When she emerged from the station her train was pulling out. Indeed, the last two sleepers were then gliding by the station. Frightened, hardly knowing what she was doing, Mrs. Jewett ran after it, frantically waving her hands. All might have been well had there been a conductor, brakeman or porter on the rear end of the train, for undoubtedly the train would have quickly been brought to a stop, but unfortunately such was not the case. The old lady had just reached the end of the platform when the foreman of a gang of section-hands halted her. He was a Mexican, but spoke very good English nevertheless. "What's the trouble, lady?"

he queried. "Train go off and leave you?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Mrs. Jewett. "Oh, can't you stop it? My granddaughter is aboard of it! Oh, I'll never see her again!"

The Mexican was a man of ready wit and a kind heart. He jabbered a dozen words or so to three Mexicans under him who were re-setting ties, and less than fifteen seconds later a hand-car was on the rails.

"Sit down on this hand-car, lady, and we'll get you to the next station in time

as the wheels passed over the joints in the rails. The mercury hovered about the hundred mark, but the four swarthy men heeded it not.

Meanwhile poor Ruth had awakened and, missing her grandmother, had made diligent search for her. Not finding her, she had appealed to the porter.

"Ah see her step off at the last station, Miss," exclaimed the porter. "Ah mighty feared she got left. Ah'll go through the train an' see Ah fin' her, but Ah 'fraid she done get left."

It was but a minute or two before the conductor came along and the best suggestion that he could make was for Ruth to get off at the next station and there wait a matter of six hours or so for the



"SHE'S COMING WITH FLYING COLORS. IT'S BEEN SOME RACE, MISS."

Drawing by Richard W. Pierce

to catch it," cried the foreman. "Your train generally waits there about fifteen minutes to take on water and coal."

Mrs. Jewett needed no urging along that line and while the foreman was yet speaking she took her seat where he directed. Then the start was made. Inside of a minute the two propelling bars, each manned by two men, were moving swiftly up and down with the regularity of machinery. The while arose a cloud of dust which sifted down over and about the handcar. Nearer and nearer together came the sharp metallic clicks

next train, and in the meantime to wire back for her grandmother to take that train. "Of course it will mean that you will have to run chances about berths, but that cannot be helped. I will give you back your tickets and they will be good on the next train."

This Ruth decided to do, and hastily collecting their baggage, she got ready to get off at the next station.

Down the line in pursuit of the limited came the hand-car. The four Mexicans were working for all that was in them, and the while the perspiration rolled



down their faces in streams. It was a race between human endurance and steam, a race against time, but a race backed by courage and determination which knew no wavering. The while did the old lady cling to the car, her feet within three or four inches of the sleepers.

The time came that the foreman, glancing ahead, got a glimpse of the rear end of the limited. The latter had reached the next station and was taking on its usual supply of coal and water. Two or three outlandish words escaped his lips, and then the car shot ahead faster than ever. The four Mexicans seemed like automatons as the propelling-bars moved swiftly up and down. When within a quarter of a mile or so of the station the foreman drew a red bandana handkerchief from his pocket, and working the propelling-bar with his left hand, he waved the signalling handkerchief with the other.

Ruth had long since alighted from the train and was looking tearfully back along the track when she caught sight of the hand-car and the fluttering signal. Already the porters picked up their little stepping-stools and were closing the doors to the numerous sleepers. The conductor was on the point of giving the final signal to the engineer. Why she did it, Ruth never knew. Something seemed to tell her to call the conductor's attention to the approaching hand-car. To him she fairly flew and caught his arm, half whirling him around, and pointing back along the track.

"They are certainly coming!" ejaculated the conductor. "That signal means something, Miss." Then the conductor hastened toward the end of the train with Ruth.

In the meantime the hand-car brakes were being put to energetic use, and it was well that such was the case, for otherwise there would have resulted a serious collision. It was about that time that the conductor began to laugh. He had caught a glimpse of the old lady and it struck him as being exceedingly funny. "You can't lose your grandmother, Miss," he chuckled. "She's coming with flying colors. It's been some race, Miss."

Four feet from the rear car the hand-car was brought to a stop and then it was that the conductor assisted the old lady to her feet. She was so black from flying cinders and desert dust that she was hardly recognizable. As for the four Mexicans they looked as though they had been taking a Turkish bath.

There was just time for a hasty word of gratitude on the part of Mrs. Jewett and Ruth. "Glad to do it, lady," declared the foreman smiling. "We were all glad to, lady, for we've all got mothers."

A porter assisted Ruth back into the train with her baggage, while the conductor helped the very much flustered old lady aboard. It was nearly an hour before Grandmother Jewett looked really

presentable, thanks to much soap and water and numerous towels.

It was the following day that two gentlemen in an adjacent section got into quite a heated argument relative to the Mexicans, during which the latter were freely referred to as "Gringoes" and "Greasers." Grandmother Jewett stood it as long as she could and then she exploded. "I guess you wouldn't call 'em 'Gringoes' and 'Greasers' if they'd done for your mother what they did for me!" she cried. Then she told them the story of that amazing ride in pursuit of the limited.

"Madam, I am glad to take off my hat to such men, whether Mexicans or any other nationality," declared the gentleman who especially had been decrying Mexicans in general, removing his hat. "That was the true Christian spirit and I admire it. Such men are an honor to their country."

### Sunshine!

BY ALPIS DUNBAR

**H**APPY Heart and Merry Thought,  
In their own wise way,—  
If the rain comes pouring down,—  
If the skies are gray,—  
Sing and chatter all the more,  
Try new games to play;  
Each to keep the other one  
Cheery all the day!

Neither finds the time to frown,  
Turn away, or fret;  
Each must make the other one  
Laugh, and quite forget  
Stormy weather out of doors,—  
All that's dark and wet;  
And they win their victory  
In a gay duet!

### Johnny's Houses

BY ANNIE E. HARRIS

**"O**NE thing I'm glad of! I don't carry my house around with me," said Johnny Denton with some emphasis.

"Oh, but you do!" corrected Uncle Dan. "You're joking, Uncle Dan! How could I?"

"You not only can but you do, youngster; just as easily as our friend Mr. Turtle carries his. Come over here in the shade and I'll tell you about it."

"Shall I bring the turtle along?" "Yes, if you like. We may need him for reference."

Johnny picked up the lovely black and yellow-spotted creature, holding him gingerly by the shell, and transferred him to the shady place which Uncle Dan had found under the shagbark tree.

"He's gone in and shut the blinds," laughed Johnny, setting the lifeless looking shell down and throwing himself full length on the grass to peer in for a glimpse of returning claws or head or tail. "He doesn't look like the same fellow, does he?"

"He doesn't feel like the same fellow, either!"

"How can you tell?" asked Johnny, looking up with surprise.

"I've been there!" said Uncle Dan with a wise little nod. "Haven't you?"

"I guess I don't know exactly what you mean, Uncle Dan," said Johnny politely. To himself he was wondering if Uncle Dan had stayed out in the sun too long.

"I was going to tell you about that house you are carrying around with you; remember?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Johnny, with a burst of intelligence, "you mean my flesh and bones."

"No, Johnny, I mean your spirit. Lots of people think your spirit is tucked away inside you somewhere, but that's wrong. It's on the outside. It covers you as with a garment."

"Does it?" asked Johnny, blankly.

"Yes; and that's why I can tell the minute I see you coming whether you are in your shell or out."

"Which am I now?"

"You're out, Johnny, way out, head and shoulders; trying to learn something you didn't know before. Now, if you will examine your turtle friend you will see that he cares nothing for the world in general just at this time. He has gone in to think over his troubles,—why you and I didn't let him go on his way to the river, for example. Does it appear to you that he is at all interested in yourself or in me?"

"Not especially. He looks sort of sulky."

The last word made Johnny wince a little. It sounded very familiar. Uncle Dan opened his eyes rather wide and smiled kindly at Johnny.

"That's the idea exactly," he said.

"But, Uncle Dan," began Johnny eagerly, "the reason I was sulky this morning," then he stopped short. "Well, yes, I was sulky. Was that what you meant by my house?"

"Yes, Johnny; that's one of your houses. I've seen you wearing several others that I like the looks of better, but it is painfully true that one of your houses is called Sulky."

"Most of them feel better than 'Sulky', too, Uncle Dan. Have you names for any of the others?"

"Oh, yes! I have amused myself giving names to several of them. There is the House Contented in which you live when people are doing things for you; and the House Delighted in which you live when you are doing things for other people. There is the House Excited in which you can hardly contain yourself when there are Christmas and birthday surprises or circuses coming to town. I can't begin to name them all, but you're always in one or another of them; and there's only one that makes you look like Mr. Turtle here, all shell and no Johnny."

"I know I get sulky, Uncle Dan, but I can't seem to help it."

"I wonder," said Uncle Dan, thoughtfully. "I believe you could help it if you knew what makes you so."

(Continued on Page 7)



## The Best Nest

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"COMRADES," said Captain one Monday morning at breakfast, "I have an announcement to make. Next Saturday afternoon a noble-hearted philanthropist has offered to give a prize to one of the Band who can show at that time the most interesting nest. The judge of the contest will be the Quartermaster-General, sometimes known as Mother."

"Who's the philanthroperist?" piped up Henny-Penny.

"For certain military reasons," said the Captain darkly, "he wishes his name to remain unknown."

"What's the prize?" demanded the practical Honey-Bee.

"It'll be something well worth winning," responded the Captain mysteriously, "if only you do your part."

"I know where there's a nice, wriggly, worm's nest," announced Alice-Palace, "full of squirmy baby-worms in a napple tree."

"No," said Mother firmly, "wriggly worms' nests are barred."

Every spare hour of the next six days was given over to huntings and scurrings and secrets. By Saturday each member of the Band was acting very puffy and important, and it was plain that every single one of them expected to win the prize. The Interesting Nest Competition was scheduled to begin at two-thirty, on the arrival of the Captain's train. As the great Salamanca Bell of the clock tower of Wentworth Farm, which sets the time for miles around, chimed the half-hour, the whole band was drawn up at the foot of Violet Hill to meet the Captain. Besides the Quartermaster-General there were the Reserves, consisting of Aunt Alice, and Uncle Jack, and Minnie and Annie of the Commissary Department, and John the gardener, the Engineers' Corps, relieved from trench-duty that afternoon, beside a number of miscellaneous civilians who were allowed occasionally to attend a review of the Band. Suddenly down the road sounded the call of the cardinal grosbeak. A minute later the Captain himself appeared around a corner of the shrubbery.

The Third led off. Down Violet Hill, across the lawn, along the curving driveway and through the great stone gates he went, followed by the Band and their camp followers. Up Roberts Road he led them to where the sidewalk ran directly under a squatty dog-wood tree, which naturally the Band had learned to tell by its bark. Not

five feet from the ground was a crotch where four large branches shot out from the main trunk. Probably fifty people had passed directly under this tree that day, including the Captain, and most of the procession, for it was on the road which led to the station. No one, however, but the Third had ever noticed that over the edge of the crotch a couple of straws showed, together with what looked like a sharp-pointed, yellowish thorn. Reaching up his fingers, the Third touched the thorn. Immediately, with an indignant chirp, a mother robin flew out. The thorn had been her beak, just showing over the edge of the mud nest which she had built slyly to fit a deep hollow in the crotch. So silently had she brooded over the four turquoise-blue eggs which gleamed out of the grass-lined nest that no one save the Third had even suspected what was there. One by one the Band and the visitors filed out and took turns at peeping into the nest. The judge came last.

"It's a dear nest," she said, smiling into the Third's eyes, which were as blue as the eggs. With a couple of reproachful chirps Mrs. Robin took her place again in the nest and the march was resumed.

"Nothing but an old robin's nest," scoffed Trottie, who came next. "Come along with me and I'll show you a real nest."

Back again up the hill, past the white-oak tree and clear down into the pasture where the windmill stood, they went. Part of the pasture, which sloped down to the brook, had been plowed up for corn and the plowed land came nearly to a rail fence, along which Trottie led the Band. He stopped in front of a little stake which he had stuck into the hard ground just beyond the last furrow.

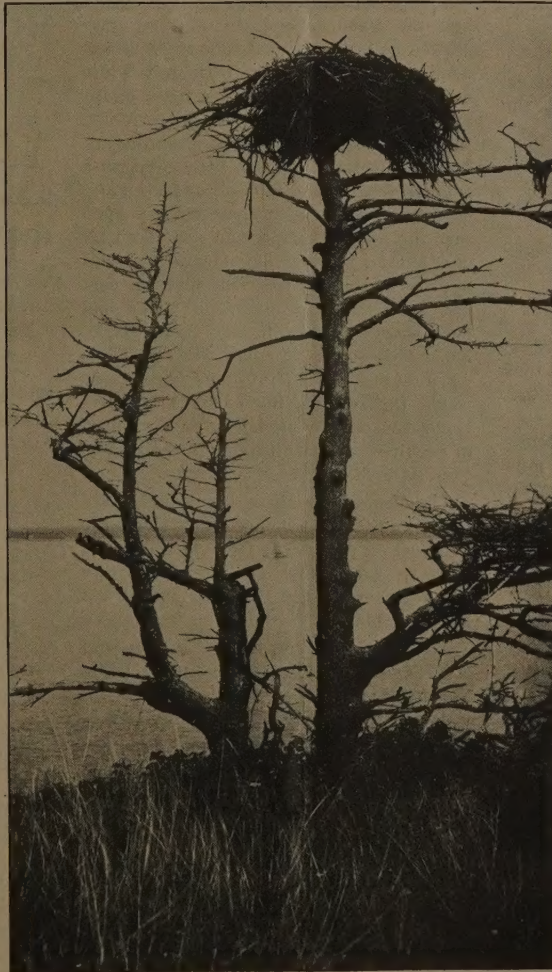
"Gee!" he shouted excitedly a second later. "They've hatched!"

The Band and the visitors crowded up to see. From a little hollow in the crumbling side of the narrow belt of turf along the fence was pouring a procession of tiny turtles, each one about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. Unerringly and unhesitatingly they marched out from the nest and across the long plowed field in the straightest possible line to the brook. Behind the vanguard some were even then just struggling out of long, white, cylindrical eggs with tough parchment-like shells. The unhurrying, unhesitating little turtles

paid no attention to the squeals of the Band or to the crowd of faces which bent down toward them. Trottie told the interested Judge how he had found old, fierce Mrs. Snapping Turtle just coming out of the nest, which she had made by forcing the back end of her shell into the side of the tiny bank. As she came out the earth fell in after her and covered up to exactly the right depth the handful of snowy eggs which she had laid.

"That's a very interesting nest, too," said the Judge, pulling one of Trottie's floppy ears as he pointed out to her every last detail of his discovery.

From the pasture Honey-Bee hurried them to the Linden Walk. There two avenues of linden trees came together at a right angle and made a shaded spot on the hottest summer day. Down the cool path Honey-Bee led them. The branches of the lindens, with their funny lopsided leaves, bent down until they almost touched the ground. About the middle of one of the walks Honey stopped and pushed through the crooked branches until he reached the open lawn beyond. From a little fork of an outer branch overhung by leaves swung a tiny woven basket. It was made of fine, tough grass and thatched on the outside with white strips of birch-bark and bits of spider silk. Inside, the nest was lined



A FISHHAWK'S NEST

Not in the "Competition" but found on the coast of Maine



with the fine needles of the white pine. Over the edge of the nest peeped the head of a little bird with a tiny hooked beak—the field-mark of the Vireo. Above its eye was a white stripe with a black stripe just below, while the iris of the eye itself was of a dark red color, all of which marked the bird as the red-eyed vireo. As the party came nearer and nearer the little bird shifted uneasily and several times started to fly.

Finally, however, it gave one look around as if to say, "I'm going to guard these eggs whatever happens," and snuggled down close into the nest, refusing even to move. Honey-Bee put his hand out very slowly and stroked the trembling little gray back. At that Mrs. Vireo pecked his finger like a little setting hen, and then cuddled her head trustfully up against it. Honey-Bee finally persuaded her to perch on the rim of the nest so that the Judge could see the four eggs like pink pearls, spotted with reddish brown at the larger end. The moment her visitors moved away she went back to her eggs with a contented little chirp.

"What do you think of that for a nest?" exulted Honey to Mother as Henny-Penny took the lead.

"One of the most interesting that I've seen," said the latter judicially, and that was all that Honey-Bee could get out of her.

Henny-Penny led the Band, civilians, camp followers and all, straight to the house. Across the wide veranda and through the broad doorway they marched and up the curving staircase which stopped to rest every few steps at comfortable, deep-set landings.

"It must be a mouse's nest," suggested Trottie as they filed down the hall toward Henny-Penny's room.

"Or a spider's," said the Third.

Not a word could they get out of Henny-Penny. Across the room he took them, past yards of electric railway tracks and going, wonderfully constructed machines, made out of blocks, spools, nails and odds and ends of pipe. Not until he reached the open window did he stop.

"There," he said, waving a pudgy hand triumphantly toward what seemed to be a knot on a limb of a spreading sugar-maple tree which came close to the house.

It was only when they all looked at it closely that they saw that it was not a knot, but really a tiny nest saddled on a small twig and covered with lichens. The opening of the nest was just about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. The nest itself was lined with the softest of brown and white wool, which the Captain said came from ferns. On the outside it was thickly thatched with tiny pieces of green lichens and bound around and around in a net work of cobwebs, which not only lashed it to the limb, but stitched it solidly together. Inside were two tiny, long white eggs. Even as everybody crowded up to the windowseat to see,

there came a hum and a vivid green tiny bird with a long curved beak swooped down upon the nest in front of their very eyes. It was the mother ruby-throated humming-bird, which lacks the ruby throat. For a long time everybody watched and admired the nest and the tiny beautiful bird.

"Mothy," piped Henny-Penny as they started down the stairs again, "that's the bestest of 'em all. Isn't it?"

But the Judge only smiled and rumbled Henny-Penny's tousled brown hair.

"Humph!" said Alice-Palace, making a pout-face. "You come see my nest. It isn't any crawly turtle's or old bird's nest, but it's better'n all of them."

Down the stairs and through the door they all marched again. Straight across the lawn Alice-Palace led them. Just ahead of them through the shrubbery suddenly darted a brown rabbit showing her white powder-puff with every jump. On the grass not five feet away from a side of the house Alice stopped. Just ahead of her lay two dry leaves. Stooping down she started to pick these up when again the same brown bunny came circling around her, so close that it could almost be touched. Underneath the leaves was a tuft of brown wool. Lifting that off, Alice beckoned to the Judge and the Band. There in a tiny, jug-shaped hollow in the turf about six inches deep was a nest lined with soft white down plucked from over the little mother's throbbing heart. Inside were six little brown heads, six wriggly brown noses, six pairs of tightly closed little eyes, with a black line between them, and six pairs of floppy ears. Right out on the open turf the mother rabbit had dug her nest and hidden her babies so carefully that not one of the children who had run past and over the nest scores of times had ever suspected that it was there except Alice-Palace. Every one had to come up and pat the little funny noses and tickle the soft waving ears. Then covering the opening again with the patch of rabbit wool and fitting back the leaves, they left the nest to Mrs. Bunny.

The Captain told them she would guard it during the day, driving off cats or birds and leading dogs away from the place. As soon as it was dusk she would slip into the nest herself and feed and cuddle her brown babies all through the long night.

After this last nest the Captain and the Judge had a long talk together, while the Band waited anxiously for the decision. Finally the Captain announced it.

"The Judge," he said, "is unable to decide which was the most interesting nest. As soon as she settles on one she begins to remember another. It will be necessary either not to give any prize at all"—here the Captain made a long pause—"or," he resumed hurriedly, seeing the mouths of Alice-Palace and Henny-Penny opening for simultaneous howls, "to give a prize to each and every single solitary member of the Band. The philanthropist who offered the prize is a noble-

generous-hearted man almost too good for this world. I know him very well, indeed, and I feel sure that he will insist upon doing this."

All of which is the reason why every member of the Band is now armed with the latest thing in pocket cameras.

### The Way of Things

BY DOROTHY FRASEE

THE chicory along the road  
Is blue as blue can be,  
It lies just like a summer cloud,  
Or like a strip of sea.

I loved it so, I picked a bunch  
And put it in a vase,  
But oh! 'twas just a bunch of stalks  
All pointing every place!

My Mother says perhaps that's how  
My hair looks best on me,  
Although it is as straight as 'H',  
And black as it can be.

If I had Anna's yellow hair  
With ev'ry curl in place,  
Why p'raps 'twould be as homely  
As the chicory in a vase!

For chicory grows along the road,  
And straight hair grows on me,  
And so I guess things look the best  
Just where they grow, you see.



### At The Old School House

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT

"THAT'S an old, deserted school house,"

I said to wee Bessie one day,  
As we walked by the far-off hillside  
Under clouds that were heavy and gray.

But she tripped away so smiling,  
And peeped through the sagging door.  
And whispered while beckoning to me,  
"School has opened once more."

What did I see when I followed?  
Scholars that spelled in a row?  
Girls on their slates a-ciphering?  
Boys' eyes with mischief aglow?

On the desk of the teacher a squirrel  
Sat very solemn and bold,  
While on the seat right before him  
His mate a wee apple did hold.

"S'pose away in her seat she hid it—  
Just to eat on the sly—  
And the schoolmaster saw it?" Bess  
whispered  
With a mischievous look in her eye.

"Willie," asked teacher, "what is the plural of man?"

"Men," answered the small pupil.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

—Central Wesleyan Star.



## The Birds and The Solar System

BY BELLA DIMICK

IT was a Sunday in spring, but you would have thought it a Sunday in summer, it was so warm. Edna and Betty, the first members of the class at Sunday school, came running to meet the teacher.

"Look where we're going to be!" they cried.

There was one tree in the back yard of the church, and the minister's wife, realizing that the Blue Birds' little room, with the sun pouring in its one window, would be like a furnace, had placed a table and chairs in its shade. It looked so pleasant; and it was *different!*

Marjorie and Geraldine came, were shown, and said it was "great." Josephine and Doris followed, and lastly, Dorothea; and all were pleased.

After the devotional service of the school in the church, the Blue Birds marched, to music, past the door of their room and out to the cool spot under the tree.

"Isn't it lucky," said Doris, "that we have come in our course on 'God's Wonder World' just to the place where we study about the sunlight, as we did last Sunday, and the solar system? I remember that was to be our subject today, and that it means the sun's family."

"How many remember the verse we learned as a memory help?" inquired the teacher. Most of them did, or thought they did. It was about the stars that go around our sun, they said.

"Let's sing it!" said Josephine. They had learned the tune the previous Sunday, too.

These were the words:

"Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars,  
Jupiter, largest of these stars;  
Uranus, Saturn, Neptune too,  
Far away and hard to view,  
Swiftly rolling, every one,  
In their journey, 'round the sun."

"Fine!" said the teacher, when the Blue Birds had sung it. "How do you like living on a star?"

All eyes came quickly to focus on the teacher at that question,—big wide-open, surprised eyes.

"Why, we don't, do we?"

"What do you mean?"

"Live on a star, all bright and shiny?" Teacher smiled, said nothing, and waited.

"That's so!" said Geraldine. "The verse says it, 'largest of these stars,' and the Earth was named with the others. But I didn't know we ever called it a star."

"There is another name we learn to use for stars that are dark bodies like our earth, not suns like our sun."

"I know!" shouted Betty; "planets."

"Now let us try to think how large the planets of our solar system are in proportion to the sun and to each other," said the teacher.

She drew from her bag a newspaper, string, pencil and pair of shears, and four



THE WETTERHORN, SWITZERLAND

## Little Swiss Children

BY ANNIE G. KING

LITTLE Swiss children, so rosy and fat,  
Flaxen-haired children without any hat—

Chubby hands waving, and blue eyes aglow—

What a very nice time you are having, I know!

Racing all day in the wind and the sun,  
Picking the asters and poppies for fun,  
Herd the goats over rocks and up hill,  
And back to the valley when evening grows still,

Under the mountains, all covered with snow,

Down in the valley, where rushing streams flow,

Little toy houses are waiting for you,  
Gabled brown eaves, where the tame pigeons coo.

The goats' bells are tinkling along the still street,

And after them patter your small tired feet;

The twilight has fallen, the curtained panes glow,

And into the little toy houses you go.

of the girls set to work to draw and cut out a circle twenty-four inches in diameter, to represent the sun. From the same receptacle came an orange, a smaller apple, a marble, and four beads. The other three Blue Birds set to work to sort these out according to size to represent the planets and to place them in their right order from the sun.

"This must be Jupiter, 'largest of these stars,'" said Edna, pointing to the orange.

With teacher's help they quickly found the relative size of the others, and their order from the sun. "It gives it here," said Josephine, looking at a paragraph in the textbook over which three eager heads bent. The circle for the sun was ready then, and the seven were together again at the table.

"Not room enough here," was Marjorie's comment. "This big sun nearly fills the table and doesn't leave room for the planets."

"Let us play we are the solar system," said Edna.

"And you be the sun at the center." This was addressed by two or three at once to the teacher.

"All right," was the quick response. Then she picked up the orange.

"Who ought to be Jupiter?"

"Doris," came the answer, as if with one voice.

"And who is Saturn?" asked the teacher, taking up the apple.

Betty!" said everyone but Betty, who said "I."

Then came the large marble for Uranus, (be sure to accent it on the U) and this was Edna. Beads, large and small, represented Earth, Venus, Mars, and Mercury, who were Geraldine, Marjorie, Josephine and Dorothea.

"Why, we haven't any Neptune!" said Marjorie.

"No," said the teacher, "we are but seven; but it doesn't matter. Nobody has ever seen Neptune without a telescope. It was not known until 1846. Think of that! Now, who remembered to find out about the moons?"

Five remembered. One wasn't present the preceding Sunday, and one forgot all about it. These last two knew that the earth had one moon, and that was better than nothing. Mars has two, said one of the others; Jupiter has eight, said one. "Seven!" said another.

"How do you make that out? Our dictionary says four!"

"Well, ours says one more was found with a telescope, and two more by photography. They're small and faint, it is



true, but they're there, just the same."

"What is the date of your dictionary?" asked the teacher of the one who claimed four.

"Oh! I don't know; it's awfully old."

"That's it, then; the newer ones give the latest discoveries," was the teacher's explanation. Saturn, by the later dictionary, has ten moons, and its belt of three rings; by the earlier, eight. Uranus has four.

"I have no moon!" said Venus, with a pout.

"Nor I," said little Mercury. "Think of those big stars, with such a lot of them! They might easily have given us some!"

The teacher took from her bag small rings of thread, with tiny beads threaded on one, two, four, eight and ten, and gave them to the stars. "Slip these on your fingers," she said. "It will help you to remember how many moons you have. Now, I'll be the sun, as you asked, and you may go around me; we are tied to the earth, and you can only go on it, instead of in the air, but it will give us the idea."

She went to the plot of ground back of the church, holding the newspaper, and said to Dorothea, "You are only 35,000,000 miles away; you stand here, close by me."

"Goody!" said Dorothea, who felt that this was some compensation for having no moon. The rest were placed with some regard to their respective distances from the sun.

When the teacher said "Go!" they began to walk around her, some faster, some slower, she standing still to watch them. Then she said, "No, that is not right; you must revolve as you go, and I must revolve too." They tried again, and it went very well, only, after going only part of the way around the sun, they were all dizzy!

"Stop, and un-dizzy yourselves!" laughed the teacher, who was also somewhat unsteady. After a short delay, and much mirth, she told them they were still not quite right. "The sun and all the stars are sweeping along through space. We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way," said she. The "way" for them was decided to be in the direction of the oak tree, the church, the table and chairs. So they tried again, going round and round, and at the same time forward, until they came plump against the back wall of the church.

"Let's go back, and begin all over again," said they.

But the teacher said, "Enough is as good as a feast; let us go and sit down, and think about this solar system of ours, forever on its way, and no one knows how many other solar systems, some with more stars than ours, some with larger suns."

They seated themselves, their minds filled with the wonder and the magnitude of this mighty pageant. They looked up into the blue, where, eclipsed

by the light of the sun, were the bright planets, and other stars that are suns with planets of their own circling around them, each in its allotted place. The power and the glory of it filled their hearts.

"I begin to feel what our memory verse of last Sunday means," said Dorothea. Then they all recited together.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

When the minister came from the church to say "Time's up!" he never suspected, from the look of the Blue Birds, that they had whirled and laughed such a little while before; and he could not know, though doubtless he hoped, that a divine light and wonder had entered into their hearts.

### Jerry's Buggymobile

BY ELSIE M. HUBACHEK

JERRY was about the happiest boy in the world. Northfield was going to have a parade, the biggest Labor Day parade it had ever had, and Jerry was going to be in it. It happened because Jerry built a buggymobile and Mr. Simmons, the town's great man had seen it. Of course, no one ever heard of a buggymobile before but Mr. Simmons called it that because it was a battered old buggy that Jerry had worked over all summer long until he thought he had made it look like a racing car.



It was standing outside the barn door, the day before the parade, when Jerry, who was so excited that he was not still a minute, tried to explain it to the two little boys who were to push it from behind and make it go.

"That green box looks pretty much like an engine doesn't it? And those old tin cans are mighty fine looking head lights aren't they?" he asked, proud as he could be of his work. "Watch me pull the brake back, it's the one from Pa's old plow but nobody'd know it, would

they?" He did not wait for an answer, he was too excited. "I'll tell you one thing, it's those old rubber heels I put on the brake that keeps it from slipping. See how low I made the hood? Looks like a racer's. And the seat's way back; looks slick doesn't it? And the steering gear works great, but it's nothing but a toy cart wheel and some pulleys," he confided. "It took me some time to get it working, let me tell you, but now it's a corker."

He climbed into the seat, which looked suspiciously like a kitchen chair, and began a demonstration.

"Get behind the car and push, push as hard as you can," he directed. The two boys got into position and Jerry pounded an old auto horn vigorously. He shouted and the boys shouted and as Jerry grasped the steering wheel firmly they pushed with all their strength and finally the car zig-zagged unsteadily down a conveniently sloping driveway.

They had gone almost to the main road when Jerry heard a motor cycle coming around the bend. He put on the brake, shouted to the boys to stop, and blew his horn triumphantly as Billy Parsons came in sight.

"Bill Parsons is going to drive that cycle in the parade," said Tom, as he gave the buggymobile another push.

"He says he can go forty miles an hour when he wants to," volunteered Harry, but Jerry was not listening. Bill Parsons had slowed up and was coming toward them.

"Want to sell that horn?" he said.

"No," answered Jerry promptly. The horn was one of his treasures.

"I'll give you mine and a quarter for it," Bill offered.

Jerry's thrifty soul wavered but he finally shook his head as Bill got off his cycle and wheeled it nearer. "Where'd you get that horn?" he asked, as Jerry blew it loudly.

"Mr. Simmons gave it to me. He's going to review the parade and he's going to sit on the grandstand with the Senator so when I drive past I'm going to blow it at him."

"When you go past?" Bill's voice was a sneer. "Say, you don't mean to tell me you're going to drive this thing in the parade?" he laughed. "It's nothing but wheels. I bet it'll break down half way." He threw back his head and laughed again.

Jerry looked at him and grew suddenly quiet. All the joy left his face, his mouth twitched.

"That's a joke, the best joke of the year!" Bill gave the car a derisive kick as he spoke. Then he pretended to be impressed as he looked it over carefully. "1926 model, I see! Twin-six engine, finest chassis built! A little jewel of a car if it had my horn instead of yours."

There was a lump in Jerry's throat. For the moment he saw his buggymobile as it really was and it hurt, it hurt terribly. His mind was whirling; disap-



pointment and shame made him miserable. With nothing to drive he could not be in the parade. He had counted on that all summer. He had worked hours. He had dreamed of a real triumph and now the older boys would laugh at his car just as Bill Parsons did. He swallowed the lump in his throat. Then he straightened up. His face was red and his eyes snapped.

"You can take the old horn," he shouted angrily, "Take it! I'm going to smash this thing to pieces. I hate it! I hate it!" He pulled his precious automobile out of the road. He wanted to send it flying down the hill to break to pieces against the trees, but Tom and Harry held him back. They were losing their prospects of being in the parade. Bill laughed.

"I'll kick it for you," he said. "Send it flying to the junk heap that's where it belongs. Here let me. . ."

Just then a horn blew, louder even than Jerry's and Mr. Simmons stopped at the gate.

"Finished your car, Jerry?" he asked as he got out of his, "I've stopped to see it." The boys stood back. Jerry looked surprised but Mr. Simmons did not seem to notice what he had interrupted. He slapped Jerry familiarly on his back and began to inspect his work.

"I've been watching you all summer," he said. "I like to have a boy show ingenuity. It's a queer-looking thing but it's nothing to laugh at, this buggymobile. It's something you've created, Jerry, and that's worthwhile. Keep on building and you'll build something big some day. I was always building funny looking things that didn't look funny to me when I was a kid. Why I remember one day. . ."

Mr. Simmons began reminiscing happily and the boys listened with a worshipful air to the town's great man. "How'd you ever get this pulley onto the wheel?" he asked finally, his attention back to the car. Jerry explained. He told how he made it and worked it and remade it. He talked of his plans, his handicaps and his dreams. It was wonderful to feel that Mr. Simmons understood, that he was not laughing at him.

"Let me have a ride," said Mr. Simmons suddenly. He climbed into the chair and gripped the steering wheel firmly. The boys jumped into place to push. Jerry started it off down the road and Mr. Simmons shouted as loud as the boys in his excitement.

Once again the buggy was an automobile to Jerry. He was proud, triumphant, happy. "It's a buggymobile, a buggymobile, Mr. Simmons, a 1926 model" he shouted as he trotted along to give an occasional push. "How about that big parade, can I be in it?"

"Sure!" answered Mr. Simmons. "You'll need a division all your own. There isn't another car like this in the whole U. S. A."

Jerry's face was beaming. It was the great moment of his life. He looked around for Bill, but Bill had gone.



## MELON MANNERS

by  
Eleanor Kenly Bacon

You see we are not grown up yet  
But we have heard 'bout etiquette!  
Maybe a fork is what we need -  
(Mercy! I swallowed a great big seed.)  
But we don't care what people say,  
We like our melon best this way!

(Continued from Page 2)

"What does make me so?"

"What made Mr. Turtle sulky?" asked Uncle Dan, instead of an answer.

"Why! he was afraid of us, I s'pose."

"Exactly! He didn't trust us to handle him without hurting him. You started to tell me what made you sulky this morning."

"Yes," agreed the boy. "You see, Dad has been promising me all along that I could go blueberrying in Harrowood Swamp the first time that Ned Nichols wanted to go; and last night he said he was ready. Dick and David live just as far on the other side as I do on this, you know, and I was going to telephone to have them meet us at the Turnpike gate. Dick and David know that Swamp like a book and they could show us where the best picking is. Then this morning, for no reason at all, Dad wouldn't let me go."

"I see," said Uncle Dan.

"So how could I help being sulky?" burst out Johnny, expecting ready sympathy.

"You're just like Mr. Turtle, Johnny; ready to believe that people want to hurt you; not interested to find out what they want to do."

"Dad didn't want anything only a whim of his own. He might have given me a reason."

"He intended to, I'm sure; only the House Sulky began to swallow you up, and I think your Dad was afraid you could not hear reasons through such thick walls."

Johnny gave an uneasy shift and fixed his eyes on Mr. Turtle who, having been left in peace so long, was beginning to peep out to see what prospect there might be of a successful escape to the river. Johnny was glad to see him start off in his lumbering fashion. He wouldn't be guilty of stopping anybody or anything from going where it wanted to go.

"Do you see any reason why Dad should change his mind so suddenly?" he ventured to ask Uncle Dan.

"Yes, I see two very good reasons just coming through the pasture gate," said Uncle Dan, pointing.

Johnny looked, jumped up, and was gone. Dick and David, with the same eagerness, came bounding to meet him.

Uncle Dan chuckled quietly to himself as he settled back against the trees to read a new book.

"I guess our Johnny is satisfied with his reasons," he mused.





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Four letters from a home Sunday school in St. John, Washington, were received just too late to be included in the June issue of our paper, so we are giving first place in this issue to one of the members of this school.

*Dear Miss Buck:*—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Graiff.

I live on a farm and have two dogs and one cat for pets. We have a horse to ride.

We do not go to town to church, for it is too far, but we have Sunday school at home every Sunday afternoon. We color pictures, read stories from *The Beacon*, and learn verses out of the Bible. We also have a question box and ask questions.

I would like to have some other girl of my age write to me.

Yours truly,  
JESSIE OWENS.

Other members of this home Sunday school are Ethel Owens, who is eleven, Alfred Whitman, who

is eight, and Barbara Whitman, who is seven years old. Will some of our girls and boys write to these new members of our club?

134 MORNINGSIDE AVENUE,  
HARTFORD, CONN.

*Dear Miss Buck:*

I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old. Almost every Sunday I go upstairs to hear the choir sing before going to Sunday school. It is easily done as our classes are during church.

I should like to correspond with some members of the Club, especially those who are fond of birds and flowers. I live in the outskirts of the city, so I see plenty of both.

Yours truly,  
LOIS HATCH.

2208 THIRD AVENUE,  
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

*Dear Miss Buck:*

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear a button. I belong to the First Unitarian Church in Sacramento. Our minister's name is Mr. Blake. I like him very much. He takes all the church on picnics, and we have our services out in the open.

Your loving new member,  
RUTH ENOS.

### Prize Winners

IN several of the schools of our fellowship contests of various sorts have been carried on during the past year. At the close of the school year in June, prizes to the winners were awarded. The results of these contests have been reported to our department as wholly good. They stimulated better attendance, excellent work, a keener interest in the school, and a knowledge of our faith. What happened in Providence no doubt happened in many other cases where the winners of the special cup for the highest team score were awarded enthusiastic applause, not only from their own team, but from the losing team in the school as well.

The June bulletin of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Providence announces the awards for that school. The Mowry cup for the highest team score was won by The Beacons and presented by Mr. Mowry. The Simmons cup for the highest class average was presented to Class No. 10, the oldest class of girls in the school. The bulletin states that the school is proud of the splendid year's work of this class. Two prizes were won for highest scores in the entire school, two for the second highest scores, two for the highest scores in the Primary Department, and two for the second highest scores, two for perfect church and church school attendance for the year, and four for perfect attendance at the church school for the entire year.

In Leominster, Mass., there was a contest in the upper church school by means of essays written by the pupils on the history of Unitarianism as it had been presented from Sunday to Sunday before the school. There was to be a second two hundred word essay on class work.

The results of the contest were to be made known at the last regular session of the school on June 10th.

In the Westminster Church school at Providence, prizes were presented on Children's Sunday to four members of the school for their excellent attendance record during the year. In addition, an honor roll for attendance in the various classes was printed in connection with the church calendar. The roll contained twenty-one names. This school had during 1922 and 1923 an enrolment of 102 members in attendance with thirteen members of the cradle roll, making a total of 115.

In the Unitarian church school in Winnipeg, Canada, an essay competition on the New Testament was held. The essays were based on instruction given from the desk by the Superintendent from the basis of Dr. Lawrance's "Questions on the Bible." Seven children entered the competition, ranging in age from eleven to sixteen years and representing four classes in the school. The first prize, \$5.00, was awarded to a boy eleven years of age, the second, \$3.00, to a girl of twelve, and the third, \$2.00, also to a girl of twelve. The four remaining essays were considered by the judges to be worthy of recognition and each pupil presenting one received \$1.00 as a recognition of his or her efforts. The award was received with great satisfaction by all the members of the school, who were much pleased at the success of the members of the classes who were competing.

At the Children's Day service held the first Sunday in June, an adaptation of the "Pageant of the Beacon Course" was presented, each class in the school taking part and showing some of the actual work that had been done in the school.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA I

I am composed of 26 letters.  
My 2, 3, 12, 6, 7, is a plant.  
My 4, 12, 6, 7, 8, 9, is somewhat.  
My 5, 23, 20, 15, 26, is not late.  
My 24, 25, 15, 16, is part of a house.  
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, is a woman's name.  
My 11, 13, 10, 15, 16, is to expand.  
My 1, 14, 15, 16, is a boys name.  
My whole is a well-known saying.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

### ENIGMA II

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 11, 1, 17, is an animal.  
My 15, 7, 2, is something we do three times a day.  
My 13, 3, 15, is a personal pronoun.  
My 6, 10, 11, are the initials of a college.  
My 8, 12, 13, 16, is to close.  
My 5, 4, 9, 14, is not a gain.  
My whole is the town and state in which I live.

E. D.

### BEHEADINGS

(The initials of these words spell the name of a Bible character.)

1. Behead *places of confinement* and get *sick-nesses*.
2. Behead *the sun* and get *a mountain*.
3. Behead *to shut* and get *to miss or be deprived of*.
4. Behead *a fruit* and get *a stove*.
5. Behead *a lower animal* and get *a point of the compass*.

E. A. C.

### TWISTED MAGAZINES

1. Eth onyrcut eteagelmm.
2. Teh thoruas' legeua bilunite.
3. Eth tpeiairo werie.
4. Het tasruyad eavegnig tosp.
5. Mfra feil.
6. Het mnaiarc.

MILLCENT TILDEN.

### HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.

1. I am a joke, change my head I am enjoyment, change once more I am a trial.
2. I am acid, change my head I am separate, change once more I am an animal.
3. I am a bird, change my head I am to ramble, change once more I am a snug place.
4. I am a fastening, change my head I am to jeer at, change once more I am a hard substance.

THE PORTAL.

The telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"

The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:

"The smartest man in the world."

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number."—*The Austin (Tex.) Cumberland.*

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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